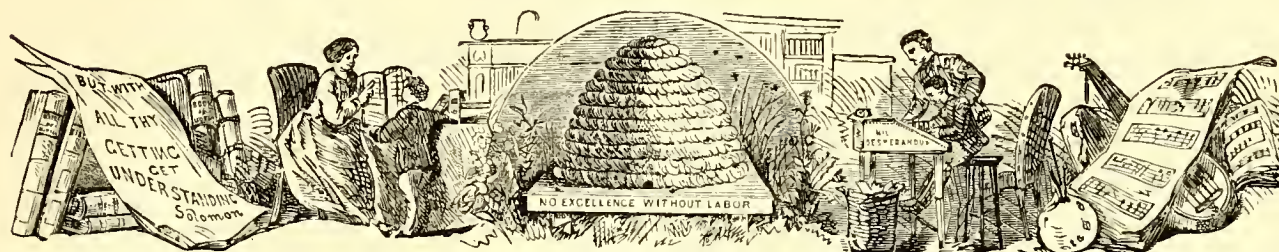


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

LOVELESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. 9.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874.

NO. 4.

JOSIAH READING THE LAW.

JOSIAH succeeded to the throne of Judah when he was but eight years of age, and at a period when idolatry and wickedness, encouraged by his father Amon's example, very generally prevailed. In the sixteenth year of his age he began to seek the Lord; and in his twentieth year, and for six years afterwards, in a personal progress throughout all the land of Judah and Israel, he destroyed high places, groves, images and other outward signs of idolatry.

He ordered the temple to be restored; and in the course of the repairs, Hilkiah, the priest, found a copy of "the Book of the Law of the Lord," which had probably been lodged there for security by some faithful priest, in the reign of Ahaz or Manasseh. It was no doubt a copy of the Pentateuch, or the first five books of the Old Testament, written upon the scrolls then used, that Hilkiah found; and in the reading of which Josiah took the deepest interest. It greatly quickened his desire to live in God's glory and to promote

His true worship and service among those over whom he ruled. Our engraving represents king Josiah reading the words of

the book of the covenant to all the people whom he had caused to be gathered together at the house of the Lord.

Josiah reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem. It is written of him:

"And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him."

When Josiah fell, mortally wounded, in a battle with the king of Egypt, the people realized how great and good a king he had been, and his death was greatly lamented by all his subjects.

He was buried with extraordinary honors, and the prophet Jeremiah wrote a lamentation on the occasion.

—O—

It is better to do and not promise, than to promise and not perform.



History of the Church.

EARLY LIFE IN THE VALLEY!

(Continued.)

IN writing back to Elders Hyde, Smith and Benson at Pottawatomie, President Young said that it was expected that the brethren would not have any occasion to bring any more bread-stuffs than would be necessary for their journey, as those who were then in the valley would be able to raise all they would want upon their arrival. But instead of bread-stuffs they could bring dry goods, clothing, groceries; animals and fowls and seeds of every kind, nuts for planting, trees, shrubs and flower seeds of every kind.

By direction of Col. R. B. Mason, Military Governor of California, Col. J. D. Stevenson wrote to President Young that he was instructed to authorize Captain Jefferson Hunt to raise a volunteer battalion of "Mormons." He alluded to the "severe persecution" endured by the Saints, and attributed much of the prejudice existing in California to the exclusiveness of the Saints, as well as the bad reports which had preceded them; but he said that the intercourse with the men of the Battalion since their arrival had dispelled the prejudices, and that having had occasion to visit all the prominent places from Santa Barbara to San Diego, he had found a strong feeling of respect entertained for the Mormon people, both by the native and foreign population, and an earnest desire expressed that they should be retained in service during the war and finally become permanent residents of that section.

After the arrival of President Young in the Valley he called the brethren of the Battalion together and blessed them in the name of the Lord for their fidelity to the kingdom of God. He told them it was not generally understood why the Battalion had been raised. The latter-day Saints had friends and enemies at Washington. When President Polk could do them a favor he was disposed to do it, but there were those around him who felt vindictive towards the Saints and kept continually harping against them, and who thought themselves wise enough to lay plans to accomplish their destruction. The plan of raising a Battalion to march to California by a call from the War Department was devised with a view to the total overthrow of the kingdom of God and the destruction of every man, woman and child, and was hatched up by Senator Thomas H. Benton. The progress of the camp every day was reported in Washington. The enemies of the Saints firmly believed they would refuse to respond to the call, and they told President Polk this would prove to him whether they were friends to the Union; and they further advised the President that when the call would be rejected, to say to the States of Missouri and Illinois and the mobocrats: "the Mormons are at your mercy." When Captain Allen, who had been appointed by the government to call upon the latter-day Saints to raise a battalion for the war, read his papers, the power of the Almighty was upon President Young and his brethren, and it overshadowed Allen, and he straightway became the friend of the people, and had he lived, President Young said, he would have remained their friend.

It was to the praise of the Battalion, President Young said, that they went as honorable men, doing honor to their calling and to the United States, and he was satisfied with all of them. If some had done wrong and transgressed and been out of the way, President Young exhorted them to refrain therefrom.

turn unto the Lord and build up His kingdom. Who could say, he asked, he was without sin?

President Young said he felt glad that their conduct had proved to their commanders and generals that they were the best and most reliable soldiers; and although there were, perhaps, no people in the Union who would have responded to the call under the circumstances the Saints were in, still it was the best course they could have pursued. President Young further remarked that he saw the whole plan concocted as plainly as he saw the faces then before him, and he felt within himself that his faith in God would out-general the wickedness of their enemies. The Battalion was formed, it started and the sword fell on the other side. If the Battalion had not gone, they would not have been in the Valley then. He alluded to feelings which existed between those who had been in the army and those who had not; such feelings, he said, were wrong. His fellowship was as pure for one person as for another who had been preserved in the gospel covenants.

He said he did not want the Battalion to re-enlist for another six months. He regretted that he did not have clothing for them; but he would rather wear skins, he said, than go back to the United States for clothes.

On the 8th of October, 1848, a General Conference was held in this city, at which President Brigham Young was sustained by unanimous vote as President of the Church, with Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as his counselors. John Smith was sustained as Patriarch; Charles C. Rich as President of the Stake, with John Young and Erastus Snow, as his counselors. Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, Lyman Wight, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, George A. Smith, Amasa Lyman and Ezra T. Benson were sustained as members of the council of the Twelve Apostles; and Joseph Young, Levi W. Hancock, Zera Pulsipher, Albert P. Rockwood, Henry Harriman, Jedediah M. Grant and Benjamin L. Clapp, as first Presidents of the Seventies. Newel K. Whitney was sustained as Presiding Bishop. At this Conference President Young delivered a discourse on the holy priesthood, in which he showed the necessity there was for a First Presidency over the Church; "for," said he, "God had told me we would fall, if we did not organize a First Presidency." The Conference adjourned to the 15th of October, at which time a letter to the Presidency of the Church, written from Chain Island, or Ana, in the South Pacific ocean, under date of October 19, 1846, by Elders Addison Pratt and B. F. Grouard, and brought from there by Bro. A. Pratt, was read to the Conference. It gave a detailed account of their labors on those islands, and was listened to with great interest by the Conference. Elder Addison Pratt also addressed the people; his remarks and narrative of his labors were listened to with great gratification. It was voted unanimously by the Conference that he should return to the Society Islands, accompanied by such Elders as should be designated thereafter.

On the 3rd of December, at a meeting held in the Fort, fellowship was withdrawn from Lyman Wight, one of the Twelve Apostles, and George Miller, Bishop.

The people of Great Salt Lake City suffered so much annoyance from the wolves howling at night, and from the depredations of foxes, catamounts and other animals that it was thought advisable to organize two companies of one hundred men each, John D. Lee and John Pack to be the captains, to destroy these wild animals. It was arranged that the company which should produce the most game were to be treated to a dinner at the expense of the other company.

(To be Continued.)

AMY'S PETS.

AMY had two pets, the house dog and her cat. She made many efforts to encourage the two animals to eat out of the same plate, but did not succeed until one morning when she put on one side of the plate a piece of fish, remembering the line in one of Cowper's pleasant little poems which she had learned at school, "What cat's averse to fish?" and on the other side a tempting piece of raw meat, such as no dog could resist for the sake of a cat opposite to him. She was delighted at the success of her plan.

Amy had been taught to consider kindness to animals as a duty; she had been reproved in her very early days for squeezing kittens too hard, and for plaguing dogs or teasing rabbits. Nothing of that kind was allowed by her parents; they showed her that animals were helpless in defending themselves among their friends, because they suspected no harm, and were therefore easily brought near enough to be very much injured or made unhappy. Domestic animals were in a manner thrown



on our good feelings and on our honor. It was mean and cruel to repay their confidence in us by unkind treatment. In a wild state it was different, for then no one was their friend, and they naturally acted on the defensive.

Brought up with these views, Amy made a most gentle and loving mistress to any pets she might have.

YES AND NO.—Some time ago a London merchant wanted a boy in his warehouse. Two were recommended to him. The first boy walked into the counting-house keeping his cap on his head, which all our young readers know is not very polite.

In answer to several questions the boy abruptly answered, "Yes," or "No."

The second boy made a polite bow when he entered, and when asked a question answered with "Yes, sir," "No, sir," etc. The first boy was the stronger, and was, therefore, better able to carry more parcels about than the other.

Yet the boy who took off his cap got the situation.

Our Museum.

COINS AND MEDALS.

BY BETH.

COINS are pieces of metal stamped with a legal impression, for the purpose of circulation as a medium of exchange. Medals are pieces of metal in the form of coins, such as were formerly used as current money, or struck on particular occasions to preserve to posterity the memory of some important event, or the portrait of some illustrious person.

Now, as "our museum" is to be, as its name implies, a repository for curiosities, it is not intended to exhibit mere common-place money, unless there is some special interest connected with it, but such as is evidence of the veracity of history and illustrative of the arts in ancient and modern times. The first coins to notice are made of fine gold. Gold is called "fine" when it is pure, that is, free from alloy. The coins of our glorious Republic are alloyed with copper; the Government mint has authority to use alloy. The coins that are most attractive in our museum are stamped on one side with a beehive and an eagle *volant*, that is, with wings spread, as in flying. Around these symbols, for such they are, as we shall see, there is a "legend"—by this expression is meant an inscription, in that sense that applies to coins and medals. It reads, DESERET ASSAY OFFICE PURE GOLD. At the base of this coin is stamped 5 D., to show its value, which is five dollars. This side of the coin is called the "obverse," by which is meant the face or front of the coin. The other side is called the "reverse," on which is a lion *couchant*, or lying down. In the place for the date and inscription, which in medals is called the "exergue," is 1860, surrounded by the words, HOLINESS TO THE LORD, in characters that are known as the Deseret Alphabet.

With this coinage no doubt many are familiar, and its appearance has been described first because its importance is most interesting, and it will show the utility of coins and medals in general.

Let us suppose a case, a thing that is by no means likely to happen. Say that, many ages having passed away, some one is reading a history of the Latter-day Saints, at a time when the fact of their having existed, or the epoch in which they lived is doubtful, what an amazing amount of reliable information would be afforded by finding such a coin as this! It would tell of a highly civilized people, the time when they flourished, the condition of art when they lived, and the profession of faith in God; their symbols those of courage, endurance, activity and industry; their individuality stamped in characters peculiar to themselves, unlike those of any other people.

There will be something else to say about some other coins of the "State of Deseret," that are full of meaning, when correctly understood; and we shall have coins and medals, medallions and medalets from all parts of the world, and from the earliest ages, to tell us of triumphal arches, temples, fountains, amphitheatres, games, ceremonies, palaces, obelisks, and many other things that bring us into acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancients. This is only one department of our museum, that pertaining to numismatics, the science of coins and medals.

A CLEAR conscience fears no accusation.

A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

RELEASED FROM PRISON—SAIL FOR PANAMA.

BETWEEN five and six o'clock the old castilero presented himself, and told us that if we would pay him one dollar each, he would set us at liberty. We had no money, so I told him to tell Blucher to come down, as I wished to see him. This he did; and when Blucher arrived, I explained the matter to him, and he at once advanced the two dollars. Thereupon the old jailor threw open the door of our pen, and we walked out free men. Although in a strange place, with no money in our pockets, and nothing in the shape of clothing excepting what we stood in, (our generous captain took our chests and clothing in the ship with him) no gloomy apprehensions for the future dampened our feelings of buoyancy at regaining our freedom. We went to Blucher's and had supper. While there, a boy came in and told us that two gentlemen wished to see us at his mother's house. We went there with him, and the gentlemen proved to be the boat-steerer and foremast hand, who had stolen the captain's money. We had a talk with them, during which they flatly denied the theft. When we returned to Blucher's we found a ship captain waiting to see us. It was Captain C——, of the brig *Margaret*, of Portland, and he wanted a couple of men. The brig was bound to Panama, and then to the China Islands, for a cargo of guano. The captain was satisfied with us, and we signed the articles. He then paid us a month's wages in advance; this was sixteen dollars. It was on Thursday evening that we made the contract, and we were to be on board on Sunday night, as the vessel was to sail early on Monday morning. Bidding the captain good night, we congratulated each other on our good fortune.

Friday and Saturday we employed our time procuring an outfit, as far as our money would go; and, by the way, owing to the high prices, this outfit was slim and meagre. But we were on a coast where good weather was prevalent, and a sailor's wardrobe is never burdensome at the best.

On Sunday morning we were attracted by an unusual noise and gathering in one of the streets. It proved to be the formation of a funeral procession. This singular assembly was led by six women, howling and moaning in the most dismal manner. They are called "howlers" by the people, and follow the business as a profession. After the howlers, came a priest and two boys, swinging incense lamps; then the corpse, borne on a bier; it was that of a girl eight or ten years old. The body was not encased in a coffin, but dressed in white drapery, over which was pasted, pinned and sewed gilded paper, cut in the form of the cross, stars, etc. The mourners and citizens followed the bier in an orderless crowd. Our curiosity to see more of these singular funeral rites led us to join the crowd and follow to the place of interment. Back of the town there is a large sand hill, on the cone of which is erected a large wooden cross. To this hill we proceeded. A grave had been dug as near the cross as possible, though some distance away, on account of the great heap of human bones piled up at its foot. This grave was only about eighteen or twenty inches deep. The body was placed in it, and after a great deal of praying, sprinkling and lamp-waving by the priest and boys, howling by the "howlers," and the usual demonstrations of grief by

the relatives, it was covered with the sand. The soil around Payta is so impregnated with nitre that a body so slightly covered does not emit any offensive smell. The flesh, in an incredibly short time, dries and crumbles into dust. The graves are not marked by tombstones or monuments, and the drifting sand soon obliterates all marks of a fresh tomb; and the grave-digger, who unearths the bones of previous interments, throws them on the common heap at the base of the cross. We followed the crowd back to the house, where we found everything was arranged, not for a house of mourning, but for a regular joyful time. Guitar and castanet players tuned and rattled their instruments, and all hands, including the priest, joined in the "fandango." This was probably kept up all night. In the afternoon, Hank and I took leave of Blucher and the few who had befriended us, and reported ourselves ready for duty on board the *Margaret*. She was of about one hundred and fifty tons burden, full rigged. Our cargo consisted of about ninety tons of coal, that had been saved from a ship that had been burned in the harbor a few months before we joined the brig, sixty sheep, ten head of cattle and about two hundred bushels of sweet potatoes and onions—all to be sold at Panama. Besides this truck, we had the owner of it—the French consul at Payta—on board as a passenger. We got underway early on Monday morning, and with a good southerly wind, soon left Payta head, for astern. Our captain was a perfect gentleman, a native of New Orleans; he spoke five languages, and could navigate a vessel, but could not work one. He was what seamen call a "cabin window sailor." He knew his deficiency, however, in this part of his nautical education, consequently the mate, a clever young fellow, did that part of the business. Nothing of unusual interest occurred on our voyage. Our course lay near the coast, and daily we had a magnificent and ever changing view of the snow-capped peaks of the Cordilleras, looming up in solemn grandeur above the table lands that skirt the sea coasts of Ecuador and New Granada. The old brig leaked badly, requiring considerable work at the pumps daily, but we had fine weather, and no apprehension was felt. Our sheep died off very fast, and, that there might not be any waste, the cook had orders to kill any of them that seemed likely to die. Of course the cook picked out the best and most lively looking for his knife, and we had mutton, onions and potatoes every day, cooked in all styles. This was fat living for sailors. We carried our southerly wind and good weather into Panama, being sixteen days on our passage. This was not bad, considering the dull sailing of the brig.

I was now about to realize some of my bright dreams. Panama, to my boyish imagination, was the beau ideal of a Spanish American city. Indirectly it was associated with Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and directly with the renowned buccaneer, Morgan. Here, in years gone by, centered the trade of the Pacific, the spices of India; the gold and silver of Peru was brought into this port by the richly freighted galleons, and off this port was the favorite cruising ground of the early English circumnavigators, and of those lawless adventurers, the buccaneers. Of this place history reads like a romance, and that romance is written in gold and blood.

PLAY UPON WORDS.—A drunken loafer was once picked up by a watchman, when the following decision was made: "There is no sense in his head, no cents in his pocket, and a powerful scent in his breath." He was, of course, sent right off to the lockup.

BE PLEASANT.

"MOTHER'S cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing; but she looked up and answered Maggie:—

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross." Sure enough," thought she; "that would be the time it would do the most good. I remember, when I was sick last year, I was so nervous, that if anybody spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now; and I will." And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby. Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips. "Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? it is such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and saccue were brought, and baby soon was ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words, and the kiss that accompanied them, were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered, "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest. She resolved always to remember and act upon her aunt's good word: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Selected.*

GLASS.

NOTHING is known with certainty as to the invention or early history of glass; but as the lava from volcanoes often cools into rude crystals, it is supposed that the ancients were induced to imitate them, and so became masters of the art. The name given to the crystal like substance was derived from an old German word signifying to shine or glisten. That the Egyptians understood the manufacture of glass at an early period is proved by relics found with mummies more than three thousand years old, among which are richly carved vases and urns, paintings on glass, and artificial gems, in which amethysts, emeralds and other precious stones, were imitated so successfully as to deceive the most practiced eye.

For many years after its invention, glass was applied to ornamental purposes only, and much ingenuity and skill were exercised to find substitutes for the useful purposes for which we now employ it. For windows the inhabitants of eastern countries used linen or paper, rendered transparent by being

soaked in oil; the Chinese shaved horn or split oyster shells; the wealthy romans used thin sheets of agate or mica. Among the Esquimaux of our day large blocks of ice are inserted in their snow huts to admit the light. In the fourth century glazed windows were introduced into houses, and justly considered a great luxury. Before the invention of glass mirrors, plates of highly polished metal were used, specimen of which are still preserved in many families as heirlooms.

The richest wines of antiquity were kept in leathern pouches, and quaffed from the horns of animals or from rough stone cups. As the art of glass making became more generally understood it was applied to useful articles, and these rude utensils gradually disappeared. In a liquid state, glass can be blown or wrought into almost any form or shape, from landscapes enclosed in paper-weights to dresses composed of threads as fine as the spider's web. Without the aid of glass, the investigations of science could not have been pursued, as the telescope, microscope and all other optical instruments, as well as the thermometer and barometer, depend entirely upon it for their various uses.—

Selected.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN FORK, UTAH CO.,

January 19, 1874

Editor Juvenile Instructor.

DEAR BROTHER:—Knowing the great interest you feel in the progress of Sunday Schools, and being fully aware of the efforts you are making to promote that end, in your office as President of the Territorial Sunday School Union, as well as through the medium of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I write to let you know what is being done in this County.

I was at the meeting of the Sunday School teachers of Provo last Thursday evening. The subject of introducing the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR extensively into the schools as a text book, and also of inducing every family, as far as possible, to subscribe for and avail themselves of it, was talked over and agreed on. It was proposed that a committee be chosen from among the teachers to canvass each of the wards of Provo City for subscribers to the INSTRUCTOR; and accordingly there were four appointed for each of the first and fourth wards, and two for each of the second and third wards.

We also had a meeting of the Sunday School teachers of this place yesterday, and appointed four committees to canvass this city, charging them not to miss a house, but do their best to have all subscribe. I hope this will have the effect of greatly increasing the list of subscribers. The teachers are so well pleased with the result of subscribing for ten copies last year out of the Sunday School fund, for the use of the teachers in the school, that they have decided on increasing the number so taken to twenty copies this year. These copies at the end of the volume make a valuable addition to our library, or, if we think proper, we can give some complete volumes of them as prizes to the children who excel at the end of the year.

Yesterday we had a very pleasing time in our Sunday School, it being the day appointed for redeeming the tickets obtained by the scholars during the year past. Suitable books obtained for that purpose, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, ranging in value from twenty-five cents to two dollars each, were given to the pupils, according to merit, for punctual attendance, good behavior, committing to memory the Questions and Answers from the INSTRUCTOR, recitations, etc.

It was encouraging to the teachers to see how pleased the little ones were who received the rewards and to hear the resolutions of those who did not to excel the coming year.

Your Brother and Friend,

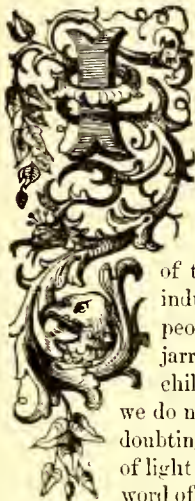
WM. PAXMAN.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



T is a sad fact, one, however, which cannot be truthfully denied, that the spirit of skepticism and infidelity is increasing among the youth of America, and still more to be regretted that manifestations of this same spirit are not entirely unknown among the sons and daughters of the Latter-day Saints.

We could more easily pardon the children of those who have not received the truth for indulging in this spirit than the youth of the people of God. There is so much that is crude, jarring and incomprehensible to the mind of childhood, in the false creeds of this age, that we do not wonder that the young are perplexed and doubting on religious subjects; but with the children of light it should not be so. They have the positive word of their parents that they know there is such a being as God, and that He lives, that He is the Creator and Ruler of this world, and that they have this knowledge direct from Him for themselves. To doubt this is not only to doubt the existence of God, but to disbelieve the words of their parents. Again they have the principles of the gospel preached to them, which if they will seek to understand, are so plain and simple that even the young can comprehend them, and, what is more, they are permitted to obey them and receive of their blessings. Still further, they are surrounded by thousands of witnesses of the powers of the heavenly world, by men and women who have seen and conversed with angels, who have heard heavenly tidings; by those who have been blind and have received their sight, who have been dumb yet now speak, who have been at death's door yet now live and are well; and all these things brought about by the power of prayer to God and in the name of Jesus Christ. For the young who have such evidence before them to doubt, is to manifest a feeling which says: "We are wiser than all the world beside, the testimony of our fathers is but wind, the warnings of our teachers but folly, we will believe nothing but what we can demonstrate and be very careful to close our eyes when there is any chance of light dawning upon them."

But even suppose we say nothing of the direct oral testimony of men of the present existence of a God; what can we think of those who, with no other light than that afforded by the works which nature lays before them, attribute to chance the beauty, order and harmony which they cannot deny exists on the earth beneath their feet and the heavens that spread out above them. They live on the earth and find their bodies most admirably adapted for enjoying life here, they find that the day and night succeed each other with unvarying precision, that summer and winter, cold and heat come regularly around; that the sun rises and sets at its appointed hour, and that the moon and stars also have their times and seasons which nothing alters or destroys. How is it possible that all this harmony and order commenced in the beginning hap-hazard

and has continued to the present without change. Fire burned in the days of Adam, of Noah and Abraham;—it does so now. The law of its nature is the same. Water would drown when Seth and Lamach lived, it will to-day. If all had a birth in chance, as some maintain, and nature obeyed no defined and eternal laws, we might expect to find when we arose some morning that the sun poured forth darkness instead of light, that fire froze instead of burned, that peaches grew on pear trees, and currant bushes brought forth pears; that the wheat planted grew to turnips, and potatoes sprang up in the place of oats. We might find that animals born by chance were all out of order. Horses might sometimes have six legs, sometimes two; sometimes ten eyes; sometimes none; a cow might have a coat of wool, and a sheep be clothed in hair. Their limbs might be in all sorts of out-of-the-way places: their eyes on their backs, their mouths in their flanks, or any other way, "just as it happened." A cow might roar like a lion, and a lion coo like a dove.

And why not? Is it not just as reasonable to expect just such freaks if all were chance, as to imagine that the lion would always roar, the dog bark and the cat mew. Why should not pussy crow now and then, and the rooster neigh occasionally, if there were no law to guide their voices.

Many questions have from time to time been asked those who profess to believe in chance, none of which have they been able to satisfactorily answer. We might ask a few: How often might a man mix a few thousand letters in a sack, and then empty them out upon the floor, before they would fall in such order as to form a poem, a discourse, or even a few sensible sentences? We should think any man insane who attempted to compose a work in such a manner, but is it not easier to imagine that a poem or discourse could be thus composed by chance than that this great and beautiful world could be called into existence in such a manner? Or how long might any one carelessly sprinkle various colors on a canvas before they would assume the exact likeness of a man? And which is most difficult to call into existence a living man with all his gifts and powers, or the simple portrait of that same being? So we might continue to add questions to those who state they believe that this world grew by chance, without the aid of a creator.

We imagine that some of the heady and high-minded must fancy that there is something unmanly in believing in a God and in worshipping Him as the Builder of the universe. Is it nobler to believe that we all came by chance, and are liable to disappear in the same manner, that we are nothing more than an accident, the result of atoms of matter being jumbled together by unexplainable forces from whence sprang the first man, and by and by another jumble brought forth the first woman—these two the father and mother of us all? Is such an origin to be compared to the high descent which revelation accords to us as the sons and daughters of a great Creator who formed and fashioned all things, and holds them continually in His guiding hands? We leave those who believe in chance to answer this and our other questions.

FEBRUARY'S come, and now the breezes
Howl among the leafless trees;
Now the boy with ragged trowsers,
Shivering, homeward drives the cowsees;
His boots are old and torn his clothes is,
And bless my soul! how blue his nose is!

JUDGE not the rich by their wealth, nor the poor by their poverty.

FOOLSCAP PAPER.

THE term foolscap, to designate a certain kind of paper, no doubt has puzzled many a person anxious to find out what the term originated from. The origin of it is not only amusing but historical. Charles I. of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The water-mark of the finest quality was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was very great, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the parliament that brought Charles I. to the scaffold; and, by way of showing contempt for the king, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool, with his cap and bells, to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's cap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the rump parliament ordered for their journals, bears the name of the water-mark placed there to express the contempt and indignation felt by the members of parliament at the exclusive and unwise policy which had been pursued by their late king, Charles I.

DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.—St. Austin compares the danger of bad company to a nail driven into a post, which, after the first and second stroke, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being driven up to the head, the pincers can take no hold to draw it out, and it cannot be drawn without marring the wood.

PAPA'S LESSONS FROM NATURE.

WE give herewith a very interesting engraving of "Papa's Lessons from Nature." The eager face of his little daughter plainly shows how well Papa's lessons are received. A wise, thoughtful parent never allows the opportunity of imparting lessons of wisdom to his children to pass by without being improved. It is not from printed books alone that

lessons can be taught. The great book of nature is spread out before us. We can draw instruction from its pages. The lofty and glorious mountains of our land, the bounding creeks and rivers, the fertile fields, the orchards laden with beautiful, perfumed blossoms or ripening fruit, our canyon and valley scenery, the great variety of trees, shrubs, and plants, the numerous classes of animals that abound in our country, or of birds that we hear chirping in the trees or see flying in the air, or the fishes that are to be found in our streams, can all be used as texts for as profitable and interesting lessons as any written in our books. The children will be as charmed in listening to them as the little girl in our engraving is at



hearing the lesson from her Papa's lips as he imparts it to her.

THE gentle stream that flows between
Its fruitful banks for ever,
Runs on with joy to do its share
To fill the bounding river;
The river, hearing God's command,
With constant, true devotion,
Flows ever onward through the land,
To fill the mighty ocean.

The prattling brook and mountain spring,
 Though hid among the daisies,
 Do always flow to bless the earth,
 And sing their Maker's praises;
 And smallest flowers, though far away,
 In by and lonely places,
 To heaven they ope their fragrant lips,
 And lift their blushing faces.

The violet breathes an evening prayer
 Beside the crystal fountain;
 The wild rose offers incense rare,
 Upon the distant mountain;
 The lily of the valley bows
 Its head in meekness lowly,
 While on its face the dewdrops shine,
 Like tears of sorrow holy.

The birds sing not with selfish notes,
 But try to please each other;
 And so may we, with loving voice,
 Cheer up a downcast brother.
 'Tis thus all nature teaches us,
 The same as Bethlehem's story,
 To live and love for other's good,
 And for our Maker's glory.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A LAWYER in San Francisco has a wife, a nurse-girl, quite a number of small children, and a large Newfoundland dog as a playmate for his little ones. It was not known until lately that the dog had any other merits than a doggish attachment to the family, a kind, playful disposition and a good appetite. The lawyer has a near neighbor whose wife is affected with a mild type of insanity. The poor woman was supposed to be perfectly harmless, and was an object of mournful interest in the neighborhood, and her vagaries sometimes amused the children. One day when the lawyer was at his office, and his wife was out shopping, and the children, left in charge of the nurse-girl, were romping with the dog, there was a violent knocking at the door, which startled the whole house. The nurse-girl went to the door, and the children crowded around her; and the dog was there too, with an expression of interest on his countenance.

When the door was opened the insane woman forced her way into the room, looking very much excited. She talked loudly and looked wild, and was evidently raving mad. The dog knew her; and appearing also to know that there was something wrong on foot, he crowded in between the affrighted children and the visitor, and commenced barking. The nurse-girl, not being alarmed, told him to "get out." The maniac woman, it seems, took the remark as addressed to her, seized the girl by the hair, and dragged her down, and finally clutched her throat, and commenced strangling her. The girl was powerless in the hands of the desperate maniac, and the children ran screaming. The dog, not liking the course matters had taken, sprang at the mad woman with open jaws, and fastened upon her. She loosened her hold on the prostrate girl, and made her way to the door in charge of the dog. She stepped outside and the animal let her go. The nurse-girl then bolted the door; and the now doubly enraged woman began to throw stones and break the windows, and finally got an ax and commenced hewing down the door. The house was in the suburbs, and no policeman was near. The girl locked the terrified children in a back room, and, leaving the dog to guard the house, went out by a back door, and hastened to the lawyer's office.

The mad woman, hearing the children shrieking in the back part of the house, left the front door, and went around to the rear of the house. She saw the children's faces huddled together in the window, and made a fresh attack. She broke the window all to pieces, and tried to get in by it; but the opening was a little too high, and she had no ladder. Presently the maniac made her way through the back door with her ax, and stood face to face with the dog. He lay crouching at the children's door, and there the lawyer found him when he came with a sufficient force to raise the siege.— *Selected.*

AN ICE PALACE.

DURING the severe winter of 1740, Catharine, Empress of Russia, caused an ice palace to be built for her at St. Petersburg.

The dimensions of the building were 52½ feet long, 16½ feet wide, and 20 high. Everything was made of ice. Not only was the palace itself, but the furniture. There were ice chairs, ice tables and a beautiful ice throne. Instead of nailing the pieces of ice to each other, the workmen dashed water upon them, which froze and thus fastened them firmly together.

Some water was colored green, some red, and a great many other colors, and then frozen, and beautiful wreaths of flowers were hung around the icy rooms. In the evening, when fires were made in the icy fireplaces and candles burned in their icy candlesticks; when icy lamps hung from the icy walls, and the bright light shone around on the icy furniture and icy flowers, it was a brilliant scene. The ice was clear and sparkling, like precious stones, and the palace looked as if it were made of millions of costly diamonds.

Before the palace stood six cannons of ice, and two mortars formed like cast pieces. The cannons were six-pounders, which are commonly loaded with three pounds of powder; these, however, were loaded with only a quarter of a pound, and carried a ball of stuffed hemp, and sometimes of iron. The balls, at a distance of sixty paces, passed through a board two inches in thickness: the ice of the cannons could not have been more than three or four inches in thickness, yet it resisted the force of the explosion.

But where was the beautiful ice palace when summer came? Cowper thus beautifully describes it:—

No forest fell
 When thou wouldst build; but thou didst hew the floods,
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
 Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
 No sound of hammer or saw was there;
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
 Were soon together joined.
 Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
 Illumined every side; a watery light
 Gleamed through the clear transparency;
 Convivial table and commodious seat,
 Sofa and couch and high-built throne were there.
 'Twas once a stream, and soon would glide
 Into a stream again. Great princes have great playthings.

Of all the crimes that ever disgraced society, that of swearing admits of the least palliation. No possible benefit can be derived from it; and nothing but perverseness and depravity of human nature, would ever have suggested it; yet such is its prevalence that by many it is mistaken for a fashionable acquirement, and is considered by some as indicative of energy and decision of character.

AN ANCIENT MILL.

PERHAPS but few of our readers would recognize that rude machine in our engraving as a grain mill, as those in use in this country are so very different in their construction. In this country, if a farmer wants his grain ground, he has but to haul it to a custom grist mill, where he can have it done to suit him, coarse or fine, on short notice; but in olden times there were no custom grist mills propelled by water or steam power, and the mill, similar to that in the picture, was an indispensable article in every family.

As frequent mention is made in the Bible of the hand mill, it must have been in common use at a very early period, and in eastern countries it is still used extensively. Even in this Territory its use is not entirely unknown. We remember



of having seen one in operation in Ephraim, Sanpete county, a few years since, which was very similar in appearance to that pictured in the engraving.

It is made of two circular stones, about the size of our common grindstones, placed one above the other. The lower one is fixed so as not to move, and has a little rise towards the centre on the upper surface; the top stone is hollowed out on the lower side, to fit this rise, and in its centre there is a round hole to receive the grain. In the top and towards the edge of the upper stone a wooden handle is fixed, to turn it around with. In ancient times, in the East, this mill was used regularly day after day, for, as bread in that country will continue good only a short time, it was the custom to grind fresh flour and bake every day, except the Sabbath. It was the business of maid-servants to grind, and so considered a degrading employment for a man, or for a lady of rank. Sometimes one

turned the mill alone; but frequently two were engaged at it, to make the work lighter. In the latter case, they sat one on each side, thrusting the handle around continually from one side to the other. Thus the Savior speaks of "two women grinding at a mill." As the mill was so essential to every family, it was forbidden to take the nether or upper mill stone for a pledge, or for debt.

If, in the days of her glory, we had walked along the streets of Jerusalem about twilight in the evening, or at dawn in the morning, when the sound of grinding came upon the ear from every quarter, we should better understand the picture of desolation presented by the prophet, when he foretold that God would take away from the city "the voice of the bridegroom and the bride, the sound of the mill stones, and the light of the candle."

A TRUSTY BOY.

A few years ago, says a New York paper, a large firm in that city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them came a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by his aunt, in lieu of faithful parents by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full. Besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman; "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eye which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he did not see why they wanted such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation the boy was sent to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and discovered his youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing," said he; "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know that you did not tell me so, but I thought that I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he was willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed out to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered in the rear to seize something, but, in a twinkling, found himself seized by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but the valuable articles which had been taken from other stores were recovered. When questioned by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch, the reply was: "You never told me to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

In 1860 that boy was receiving a salary of \$2,500 and is now a partner in the establishment. —[*Selected.*]

FLETCHER, bishop of Nemes, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A great duke once tried to mortify the prelate by saying to him, at the king's levee, that he smelt of tallow. The bishop replied: "My lord, I am the son of a chandler, it is true, and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a chandler all the days of your life."

Anecdotes of Painters.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

(Continued.)

From Chambers' Miscellany.

MICHAEL'S design was magnificent. When he showed it to the pope, his holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount to a hundred thousand crowns; and the pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum. The mausoleum was commenced; Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist at his work *incognito*. This was too great a favor not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarrotti no more. Michael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him: but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" asked the indignant painter.

"Perfectly well," said the man; "and I only do my duty in obeying the orders my master has given."

"Then tell the pope," replied Michael, "if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself."

The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: "I have been expelled from the ante-chamber of your holiness without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return as your holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next, except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shows it and the one towards whom it is shown?"

Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: "We know the humor of men like Michael-Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our apostolic grace." But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said: "You have treated the pope as the king of France himself would not have dared. We cannot bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will." The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last Michael relented and met the pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time deign to speak. At last he said: "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you."

Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed, that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe, "One

must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of everything except their art."

Wise, and generous too, was the pope's indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: "Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael-Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thee an ignorant fellow. Depart from my sight this moment." And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

Michael-Angelo's first commission after this was a statue of Pope Julius. It was the work of sixteen months, and worthy of Michael's genius. But its fame was short; in a popular riot this statue was thrown down, dragged through the streets, and broken to pieces, in contempt of the pontiff whom it represented. The head alone was preserved by the Duke of Ferrara. After Michael had completed this statue, he returned to Rome, and again set to work on the mausoleum. But Julius had changed his mind, and determined to build the Sistine Chapel, to the memory of his uncle, Sixtus IV. This chapel Michael was to adorn with fresco paintings. His first attempt showed how universal were his powers of mind. He began to paint the ceiling; but the only scaffolding which the architect Bramante could contrive was suspended by ropes passed through holes in the roof. Michael-Angelo asked how he was to paint a ceiling thus pierced with holes. Bramante could arrange no other plan; and Buonarrotti invented some machinery so complete that the carpenter who made it under his direction realized a large fortune, through Michael's generosity in allowing him to profit by the invention.

In twenty months the frescos were completed, to the delighted wonder of his friends and the envy of his enemies; all being the work of Michael-Angelo's own hand, unassisted by any one. The pope had almost daily climbed to the top of the platform to watch the artist's progress; and by his persuasions, Michael took down the scaffolding almost before the frescos were finished. Crowds of the learned rushed to the building to see this wonderful work. But when the pope had gratified his impatience by viewing the painted ceiling from below, he began to wish for more ornaments on the drapery of some figures—more gilding and show. But Michael's reproof was not long wanting.

"I have painted," said he, "men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing."

The Sistine Chapel was publicly opened on All-Saint's Day 1512. From that time to the present, Michael-Angelo's frescos have been acknowledged the most glorious triumph of art in any age. They consist of a series of colossal paintings, descriptive of the progress of the Christian religion from the creation of the world until the last judgment of all men. To particularize them is impossible; and their praise has been a universal theme. Most of them are painted on the arched ceiling; and it is said that many figures were executed by the artist lying on his back on a heap of cushions, this being the only position in which he could reach them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE having precious stones may flash a moment's admiration upon spectators, but good nature brings happiness to scores and hundreds, and the best of it is, that it takes nothing from the possessor.

FALSEHOOD, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but when blended with wholesome ingredients, may be swallowed unperceived.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

LESSON LIV.

- Q.—What was the name of the sea through which Moses brought Israel?
 A.—The Red Sea.
 Q.—What was the name of the place they went out into?
 A.—The wilderness of Shur.
 Q.—How many days did they travel in the wilderness?
 A.—Three days.
 Q.—During that time what was it they could not find?
 A.—Water.
 Q.—What place did they come to, that they could not drink of the water?
 A.—Marah.
 Q.—Why could they not drink the waters.
 A.—Because they were bitter.
 Q.—What did the people do?
 A.—They murmured against Moses.
 Q.—What did Moses do?
 A.—He cried unto the Lord.
 Q.—What did the Lord then show unto Moses?
 A.—A tree.
 Q.—What was done with the tree?
 A.—It was cast into the waters.
 Q.—What effect did this have?
 A.—The waters were made sweet.
 Q.—What promise did the Lord then and there make to the children of Israel if they kept his commandments?
 A.—That they should not have the diseases that he had brought upon the Egyptians.

LESSON LV.

- Q.—What place did the children of Israel next come to?
 A.—Elim.
 Q.—How many wells of water were there at Elim?
 A.—Twelve.
 Q.—How many palm trees?
 A.—Three score and ten.
 Q.—Where did the children of Israel encamp?
 A.—“By the waters.”
 Q.—What was the next place the children of Israel came to?
 A.—The wilderness of Sin.
 Q.—What did they do there?
 A.—They murmured against Moses and Aaron.
 Q.—Why did they murmur against them?
 A.—Because they had brought them from a land of plenty into the wilderness and they were suffering from hunger.
 Q.—What did the Lord say unto Moses?
 A.—“Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you.”
 Q.—What did the Lord send in the evening to feed the children of Israel.
 A.—Quails.
 Q.—How were the quails sent?
 A.—They came up, and covered the camp.
 Q.—Where was the bread found?
 A.—On the ground.
 Q.—What time in the day?
 A.—In the morning.
 Q.—What was it like?
 A.—A small round thing.
 Q.—What did the children of Israel call it?
 A.—Manna.
 Q.—How much were they to gather at a time?
 A.—Only what they needed for the morning.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LIV.

- Q.—How many Amlicites were slain in this battle?
 A.—Twelve thousand five hundred and thirty-two.
 Q.—How many Nephites were killed?
 A.—Six thousand five hundred and sixty-two.
 Q.—After the Nephites could no longer pursue the Amlicites what did they do?
 A.—They pitched their tents.
 Q.—Where did they do this?
 A.—In the valley of Gideon.
 Q.—From whom did this valley take its name?
 A.—From Gideon who was slain by Nehor.
 Q.—What did Alma do?
 A.—He sent spies to follow the Amlicites.
 Q.—What for?
 A.—To discover their plans that they might not surprise and destroy the Nephites.
 Q.—Who were sent as spies?
 A.—Zeram, Amnor, Manti, and Limher and their men.
 Q.—What came to pass on the morrow?
 A.—They returned in great haste.
 Q.—What did they say?
 A.—That in the land of Minon above Zarahemla there was a numerous host of Lamanites, and the Amlicites had joined with them.
 Q.—What did the Amlicites then do?
 A.—They fell upon the Nephites in that land.
 Q.—What did the latter do?
 A.—They fled with their flocks and herds toward the city of the Nephites.

LESSON LV.

- Q.—What did Alma and those who were with him do, when they heard this?
 A.—They took up their tents and departed towards their city.
 Q.—What was the name of their city?
 A.—Zarahemla.
 Q.—As they were crossing the river Sidon what happened?
 A.—A combined army of Amlicites and Lamanites came upon them to destroy them.
 Q.—How many were there of this combined army?
 A.—They were as numerous, as it were, as the sands upon the sea-shore.
 Q.—What was the result of the conflict?
 A.—The Lord gave the Nephites strength; and their enemies fell before them.
 Q.—Who fought face to face during this engagement?
 A.—Alma and Amlici.
 Q.—What did Alma do?
 A.—He called upon the Lord to give him strength.
 Q.—Did the Lord answer his prayer?
 A.—Yes; and Alma slew Amlici with the sword.
 Q.—Who else did he contend with?
 A.—The king of the Lamanites.
 Q.—With what result?
 A.—The king of the Lamanites fled, but sent his guards to contend with Alma.
 Q.—What did Alma and his guards do?
 A.—They drove back and slew the guards of the king of the Lamanites.
 Q.—What did Alma do with the dead bodies of the Lamanites?
 A.—He threw them into the river Sidon.

THANKS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

(TUNE:—*Blow not the Trumpet in Marching the Part*—*From Ross & Gully's Song Messenger*.)

WORDS BY WM. WILLIS.

MUSIC BY JAS. F. MURRAY.

QUARTETTE & CHORUS.

Thanks for the Sabbath School, hail to the day When evil and error are fleeing a -

way; Thanks for our teachers who labor with care, That we in the light of the gospel may share.

Join in the Ju-bi-lee, mingle in song. Join in the joy of the Sabbath School throng.

Great be the glory of those who do right, Who overcome evil, in good take de - light.

Now in the morning of life let us try
Virtue to cherish, all vice to deery;
Strive with the noble in deeds that exalt;
Battling with energy each childish fault.

May we endeavor thro' life's devious way
To watch and be sober, true wisdom display,
That we may overcome each temptation and snare;
The gospel's salvation eternally share.

THE IRON LANCE OF MARTINIQUE.—The lane of the beautiful Island of Martinique is a serpent called the "iron lance." This reptile, with venomous taste, chooses the coolest and most delightful places in the garden for its retreat; it is literally at the risk of one's life that one lies down on the grass, or even takes a rest in an arbor. The wound inflicted by these serpents is very apt to be fatal unless immediately cared for. The whole island is infested with this dangerous reptile, and it is said that on an average nearly eight hundred persons are bitten every year, of whom from sixty to seventy cases prove fatal, while many others result in nervous diseases which are almost as bad as death. A few years ago, when Prince Arthur of England visited this island, a grand fete was given in his honor in the Jardin des Plantes. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated, and thousands of people sauntered through its cool and shady avenues. A great number were bitten by the "iron lance" and many of them never recovered from the effects of the poison. The fondness of this terrible reptile for cool and shady places is a serious drawback on the pleasure of rambling through the charming groves of Martinique. A rest on the grass under the shadow of some spreading tree is always haunted by the dread of unseen dangers, and one cannot even cross a field without exercising extreme caution.

A CLEAR head makes sure work.

CHARADE.

BY A. H. C.

I AM composed of 10 letters:

- My 1, 5, 10, 7, is a beautiful flower.
- My 2, 9, 8, 10, 7, is a useful animal.
- My 4, 5, 10, 7, is the organ of one of the five senses.
- My 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, is a river in Europe.
- My 10, 4, 3, 4, 7, is a river in France.
- My 7, 6, 2, 5, is a canyon in Utah.
- My whole is one of the largest animals in existence.

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